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MEETING OF THE DESCENDANTS

OF THE PIONEERS IN THE

UPPER CONNECTICUT VALLEY

ABOVE

OLD HAVERHILL IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

AND

NEWBURY IN VERMONT

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT IN THE UPPER VALLEY WAS ON
APRIL NINETEEN

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND
NINETEEN

VALLEY OF CONNECTICUT AT GUILDHALL

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Association of descendants of the early settlers in the upper Connecticut valley.

Meeting of the descendants of the pioneers in the upper Connecticut valley above old Haverhill in New Hampshire and Newbury in Vermont. The first settlement in the upper valley was on April nineteen. [1764] [Boston? Mass.,] Published by the Association, 1919.

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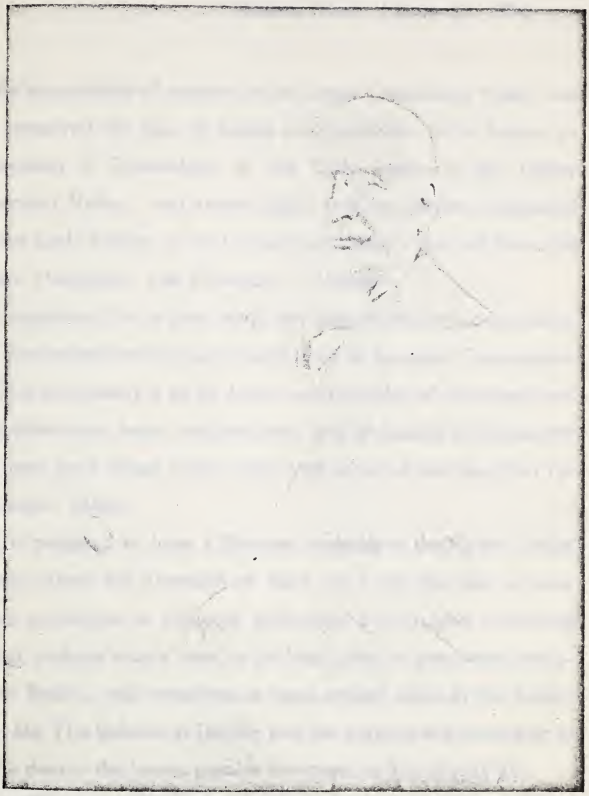


United States Judge EDGAR ALDRICH
President of the Association

Boston, Mass., March 15, 1916.

As descendants of pioneers in the upper Connecticut Valley, we have conceived the idea of having an Association, to be known as "Association of Descendants of the Early Settlers in the Upper Connecticut Valley," and those eligible will be persons descended from the Early Settlers in the Connecticut Valley above old Haverhill in New Hampshire, and Newbury in Vermont.

It happened that a great many men and women of consequence were descended from the early sturdy stock of the upper Connecticut.

This Association is to be based upon the idea of fraternal community association, better acquaintance and of putting in permanent form some good things about those who ventured into the then far away upper valley.

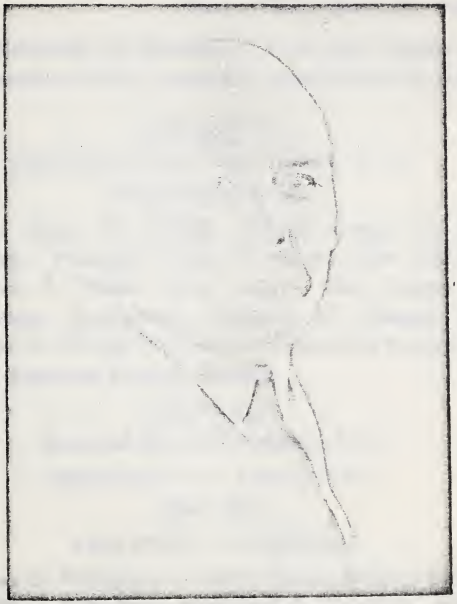
It is proposed to have a Banquet, probably at the Parker House in Boston, about the twentieth of April. It is not the idea to have monthly gatherings, or frequent gatherings, but to have occasional meetings, perhaps once a year, or perhaps once in two years, sometimes in Boston, and sometimes at some proper place in the Upper Valley, like The Balsams at Dixville, and the purpose will always be to hold the dues to the lowest possible minimum, so that all may join.

It will be necessary to have a preliminary organization, and you will soon receive a circular from the Secretary stating the details and giving a list of the probable speakers.

Please suggest names, with present addresses, of those whom you think would be interested, to Everett C. Benton, 65 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

Very respectfully,

JOHN W. WEEKS,
EVERETT C. BENTON,
EDGAR ALDRICH,
IRVING W. DREW,
OSSIAN RAY,
EDWARD CUMMINGS,
ELMER E. SILVER,
HENRY N. SWEET,
JAY B. BENTON,
THOMAS C. WASHBURN,
CHARLES SINCLAIR WEEKS,
JAY R. BENTON,
E. F. ALDRICH,
PHILIP CARPENTER,
JAMES W. REMICK,
FRED E. CRAWFORD,
JOHN C. SMALL,
JOHN E. BENTON,
EDMUND G. POND,
GEORGE H. BINGHAM.



Honorable JOHN W. WEEKS
Vice-President of the Association

ASSOCIATION OF DESCENDANTS
OF THE
EARLY SETTLERS
IN THE
UPPER CONNECTICUT VALLEY

Boston, Mass., March 28, 1916.

The Association of Descendants of the Early Settlers in the Upper Connecticut Valley is temporarily organized with the following officers:

PRESIDENT:

United States Judge, Edgar Aldrich, LL. D.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Senator John W. Weeks, Colonel Everett C. Benton, Massachusetts; Honorable Irving W. Drew, New Hampshire; Mrs. Garrett A. Hobart, New Jersey; Chief Justice Albert Russell Savage; Ex-Governor Frederick W. Plaisted, Maine; Mrs. Samuel W. McCall, Massachusetts; Honorable Porter H. Dale, Honorable Alexander Dunnett, Vermont.

CHAPLAIN:

Reverend Edward Cummings, D. D.

SECRETARY and TREASURER:

Ossian Ray.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Thomas G Washburn (1 Creek Square, Boston), Chairman; Elmer E. Silver, Sally Drew Hall, Fred E. Crawford, Albert N. Blodgett, Charles Sinclair Weeks, Ephriam F. Aldrich, Edmund G. Pond, Katherine Bingham Walsh, Pitt F. Drew, Massachusetts; James W. Remick, Thomas F. Johnson, John E. Benton, Merrill Shurtleff, New Hampshire; Harry Blodgett, Vermont; John C. Small, Maine; Philip Carpenter, Florence Aldrich Kniffin, Mrs. Israel O. Blake, New York.

Banquet at the Parker House, April 19, 1916, at 6:30 P. M. That we may become better acquatnted, there will be an informal gathering in the Library Room of the Parker House at 6 P. M.

April 19 is selected as an appropriate day, because the first Settlement in the Upper Valley was on April 19.

There will be some speaking, of course, at the close of the Banquet, and among those expected to speak are Senator John W. Weeks, Colonel Everett C. Benton, Honorable Irving W. Drew, Reverend Edward Cummings, Philip Carpenter, Honorable James W. Remick, Chief Justice Albert Russell Savage, Judge Edgar Aldrich and Governor McCall.

This being the first meeting there will be no formal addresses, but brief speaking upon historic phases or such other phases as the speakers see fit to select.

BANQUET TICKETS TWO DOLLARS.

All indulge the hope that you will be present. Please reply to Ossian Ray, Secretary, 60 State Street, Boston, Mass.

The blessings of this Banquet are open to the Wives and Husbands of Descendants.

Very respectfully,

OSSIAN RAY,

Secretary.

THOMAS G. WASHBURN
CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

BANQUET

PARKER HOUSE

BOSTON

APRIL 19, 1916

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

EPHRIAM F. ALDRICH, Chairman.

JOHN C. SMALL,
MERRILL SHURTLEFF.
JOHN E. BENTON,
SCOTT C. CARBEE,
EDWARD SULLIVAN.
GEORGE N. KENT.

EPHRIAM F. ALDRICH
CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

INFORMAL RECEPTION

As the members of the Association and guests were gathering, an informal reception was held in the main parlor of the Parker House, and standing in the reception line were —

Judge Edgar Aldrich.

Mrs. Howard S. Kniffin, daughter of Judge Aldrich.

Mrs. McCall, wife of Governor Samuel W. McCall, of Massachusetts.

Mrs. Jordan, wife of Governor Chester B. Jordan, of New Hampshire.

The Reverend Edward Cummings and Mrs. Cummings.

Honorable Alexander H. Dunnett, United States District Attorney for Vermont.

Honorable James W. Remick, Ex-Judge of the New Hampshire Supreme Court, and Mrs. Remick.

Kate Bingham Walsh, daughter of Ex-Judge George A. Bingham, of New Hampshire, and sister of the present United States Circuit Judge George H. Bingham, of New Hampshire.

BANQUET

Following the reception, and at eight, the guests assembled at the banquet table in the Crystal Dining Room of the Parker House, and at the head table were seated:

Judge Aldrich, the President; on his right Mrs. McCall, wife of Governor Samuel W. McCall, of Massachusetts; The Honorable Alexander H. Dunnett, of Vermont and Mrs. Chester B. Jordan; at his left Florence Aldrich Kniffin, of New York: The Reverend Edward Cummings and Mrs. Cummings.

After the descendants and guests were seated at the banquet table, the President, Judge Aldrich, arose and called the assembly to order in the following words:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen: The Chaplain."

Divine blessing was invoked by the Reverend Edward Cummings, the Chaplain.

AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE DINNER

JUDGE ALDRICH

CALLED THE ASSEMBLY TO ORDER AND SAID:—

Ladies and Gentlemen and Descendants of the Great North Country:

Upon this menu, besides my own picture, which I very much admire (laughter), though it was put there by Colonel Benton against my objection, as he well knows, I see there are some sprigs of green; some from the graceful cedars of Vermont, and some from the no less graceful and fragrant fir or balsam tree of New Hampshire.

Some man or woman of genius has happily suggested that those who associate themselves with the glorious traditions of the Green Mountain State, wear the cedar, and that those who associate themselves with the glorious traditions of the old Granite State, wear the sprigs of balsam, in order that their individual pride and individual ambitions may be the more readily known. For myself, of course, I must wear the sprig of balsam.

(At this point Hannah Benton, a Mount Ida School girl, a daughter of Colonel Benton, tripped gaily to Judge Aldrich's side and said: "Mr. President, we Vermonters want you to wear the cedar also," and the Judge replied, "Miss Benton, you are a fine woman, I shall wear the cedar for you.")

If I could find an adequate number of the warmest words in all the languages of the world I would use them in appropriately expressing my appreciation of the honor involved in this Association's making me its first president.

I see no reason for its being done, unless it rests upon the fact that I was born higher up stream than any other person eligible to the position.

Standing upon the hill road two miles north of the place where I was born in Pittsburg, and looking southerly, you may see New Hampshire in its eighty-mile stretch to the White Hills, famous throughout the world, and now being turned into a national park. Turning a little and looking southwesterly you may see with the naked eye sixty miles over the hills of Vermont, and across Vermont into the mountains of New York. Westerly and a little northerly you may see miles and miles over the hills of the Dominion of Canada, and to the north eighty miles into Maine, and to the mountains fifty miles beyond the line of Arnold's autumn march upon Quebec.

I prize this meeting greatly, because it is distinctively a north-country meeting.

The ancestral home holds a strange and magic charm for men and

women. There is a sweet and peculiar fascination about its hills, its sunrises, and its sunsets, which does not hold good with respect to the hills, and sunrises, and the sunsets of any other part of the world. As we look back, all these things become picturesque. We know that our fathers and mothers looked at the same hills and trod the same paths and by-ways.

Speaking in a general way, we are here to bring the descendants of the sturdy pioneers of the upper Connecticut Valley into closer acquaintance and into closer union, and for the purpose of saying good things of those who struggled to bring a higher order of civilization out of savage conditions.

The early upward movement in the valley of the Connecticut halted at the Fifteen Mile Falls. Those who were venturing northward apparently viewed the long stretch of the swift and falling waters of the Fifteen Mile Falls as something insurmountable. The country beyond was then little if at all known, and savage Indian tribes were coursing back and forth through the unbroken wilderness of the Upper Valley. To go beyond was to become an explorer and a discoverer of unknown conditions.

In support of the theory that the Fifteen Mile Falls became for a time a geographical barrier, let me diverge a little and relate a traditional story of an old-fashioned home building.

In 1799 there lived in Charlestown Number Four, on the Connecticut, a well-ordered young man, looking forward to a life of usefulness and responsibility. His name was Theophilus Grout. Having reached the age of twenty-one, he became engaged to a fair and dauntless young woman well worth the game. Pending the engagement, they decided to look for a place to make a home in the valley of the Connecticut above: and in the autumn season Theophilus equipped himself with the axe, the adz, the chalk-line, and scanty but necessary provisions. Taking his canoe, he started north, and with a keen eye he looked to the right and the left for open ground. Having reached the tumbling waters of the Fifteen Mile Falls, and reconnoitering a little above, he decided not to go farther up the Connecticut, but to fall back to the calmer waters of the Passumpsic, emptying into the Connecticut a few miles below. Venturing up the Passumpsic and through what is now St. Johnsbury, in Vermont, and even beyond until he struck the waters of the Moose River, he found the fairer places taken up. Canoeing up the Moose River a mile or two he came to an ungranted and unoccupied valley stretch which suited the eye, and there he decided to halt and establish a home. He felled the trees upon a few acres, and from the heavier timbers, with the tools he had, he fashioned a small log cabin, with the large open stone fireplace and chimney of those days; and having done that, he returned to the woman who was to help

him build a home. In the early spring he took his young wife into a boat loaded with seed corn, seed wheat, and seed potatoes, scanty provisions, and the cooking utensils which would fit themselves into the fireplace, and started north. Young man and wife, they rowed, and walked, and carried, together, working northward until they reached what was to be their home in the wilderness.

When that part of Vermont was divided into towns, the Grout home was in the town of Kirby, and Theophilus was its first representative and was elected for nine successive terms.

From this humble beginning there was descended the notable Grout family of Vermont, and among them was William W. Grout, a grandson, who became a general in the Civil War, and represented Vermont for nine successive terms in the National House of Representatives, and came within two or three votes of being United States Senator. Another grandson became Governor of the State.

At about the same time Warner Bingham settled a little to the northeast, and became the nearest and a goodly neighbor of Theophilus, though the town lines threw the Bingham home into Concord. From that beginning was descended the great Bingham family. A son, Harry Bingham, became one of New Hampshire's foremost lawyers, and declined the Associate Justiceship and Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire. He was not only a great lawyer, but a broad and philosophical statesman. Another son, Edward F. Bingham, became a Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. Another son, George A. Bingham, became an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire; and his son, George H. Bingham, is now United States Circuit Judge for the First Circuit.

It must be remembered that there was a long rising and up-hill wilderness stretch of forty miles from the broad intervales of Haverhill and Newbury to the wide intervales of Lancaster and Guildhall; and in the after years when the expansive valley of the upper Connecticut became known, and when the undaunted had ventured there, we find in their letters, to friends at home, references to the Nine Mile Woods between Littleton and Lancaster, and the Thirty Mile Woods between Lancaster and Colebrook, with no human habitation to mark the way.

It is to be regretted that good letter writing is now a lost art, but it was one highly cultivated and much practised in the olden days, and we happily find that the pioneer women of the Upper Valley were fervidly writing to home friends of the opening vistas of the newly-discovered land; of the rich green of the Indian corn-fields dotting the broad valleys; of the distant mountains capped by the whitest snow that the world had ever seen; of the mountain-side, ribbon-like rivulets of the

early springtime, winding their way through the leafless forests, fro the mountain snows above to the rich green of the level lands belo of the wonderful and matchless waterfalls of the hills; of the lace-li mists, mysteriously lingering over the green foot-hills, which were ne and strange to them; of the wild game of the forests; of the fish wh joyously filled the brooks and streams; and of the strange Indian nam which told the story of the newly-discovered land and its wonders.

It happens that from the sturdy pioneer men and women w threw their destiny into the Upper Valley of the Connecticut hav descended many men and women who have been potent in the develo ment and maintenance of our institutions; and it is quite in keepi with the purposes of this Association that we should refer to some them. I shall not enter much into the field, because I wish justly t leave the field broadly open to the speakers who are to follow. I sha however, refer to a few. Beginning in the north, and making a hurrie run down the valley under the imperative limitations of time, I mu guiltily pass by many men and women whose names and lives reca sweet memories. If they are not remembered by others tonight, it is to be hoped that they will be remembered at subsequent meetings o this Association.

In 1836 there went out from the Indian Stream territory, Luthe Parker, who was one of the committee that wrote the Constitution o the Indian Stream government,—a government which was establishe over the territory in dispute between the United States and Great Bri ain. With him was his wife, a young son, and a daughter. By bugg and canal-boat they journeyed to what is now Wisconsin. The so became regent of the University of Wisconsin, a member of the boar of control over charitable and penal institutions, and lieutenant-gover nor of the State of Wisconsin.

Later from Pittsburg there was Jeremiah Taber, who went t Maine, to become prominent in business and a much esteemed citiz of that state.

It was in Pittsburg that General John Bedel, of Mexican an Civil War fame, was born.

From Colebrook there was Horace White, who joined with Henry Villard in buying the New York Post, and who became president o the association and one of its editors with Carl Shurtz, and in th newspaper world was a man of national importance.

Then from Colebrook there was Chester B. Jordan, who was t become a wise and worthy governor of his native State of New Hamp shire, which he deeply and proudly loved. And it is more than grati fying to us all, that Mrs. Jordan,—a woman of sterling worth,—and the accomplished Chester Bradley Jordan, son of the sweet-tempere

and kindly father, are with us to grace this occasion, and to help out on this "The First Night." (Applause.)

In the early days there went out from Columbia a young man by the name of Addison Willard Hobart, who settled in New Jersey, and whose son, Garrett A. Hobart, became Vice-President of the United States and presided over its great senatorial body with such a full measure of ability and tactfulness as to command the profound admiration and love of all. And it was a most happy circumstance that there went out from that same town a little later a sturdy young man whose name was Socrates Tuttle, who became a very distinguished lawyer and a much esteemed citizen of New Jersey, and the fortunate father of a fair daughter who was to become Mrs. Hobart, the wife of the Vice-President.

From the sturdy productions of Guildhall there was Henry Dennison, who became advisory counsel of the Japanese government in respect to questions of constructive statesmanship.

Jonathan Grout, Congressman in Washington's day, was early upon the commanding heights of Lunenburg. It is said that he owned and named the township; and it is doubtless he who planned the broad street and the noble village square of that most unique and interesting old country town.

From Jefferson there was Harris M. Plaisted, going over into Maine to become a general in the Civil War; Congressman, Attorney-General, and Governor; whose son, Frederick W. Plaisted, was in turn to become Governor of that great State, and a candidate for Congress.

There was William S. Ladd, born at Dalton, the first town above the Falls, an able lawyer and a Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, and perhaps the most philosophical law writer of all her justices. His son, Fletcher Ladd, an accomplished lawyer and scholar, became a Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippines. He came from the Philippines to Boston to submit to a necessary surgical operation, and was frankly told by the surgeon that under the operation he would stand one chance in three of surviving it. He was a tall, dignified, handsome, and brave young man, with honest hazel eyes. He quietly took the one chance, and lost. Another son, Will P. Ladd, is holding the standard high in the field of Episcopalianism. (Applause.)

From Waterford there was Alonzo P. Carpenter, who was to move into New Hampshire to become a great Chief Justice; and from the same town was Jonathan Ross, who became Chief Justice of Vermont and a United States Senator.

There were the two Hibbards from the same locality, Harry and Ellery A. Hibbard; the former to become a most distinguished Congressman from New Hampshire, and the latter to become Congressman from that State and Justice of her Supreme Court. And later, from

Barnet, there was Henry C. Ide, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippines, Governor General over that immense island group, and afterwards minister of our national government to the Court of Spain.

What of old Bath, with her six-mile boundary resting securely on the shores of the Connecticut, and her little metropolis securely resting its boundary upon the shores of the lower Ammonoosuc. Bath in the early days was a great center of intelligence and aristocracy,—a center which strongly rivalled old Haverhill in stateliness and importance.

There were the Hutchinses, the Bedels, the Hibbards, the Johnsons, the Jacksons, the Chapmans, the Woodses, the Carpenters,—all first families of that favored land and locality,—strong in war, sturdy in peace. This is not the occasion for biography or detail. I will only speak of one, Henry B. Hutchins, who is now a leader in the national field of education, and the gifted and popular president of the great University of Michigan.

Lancaster, fair Lancaster, with her broad expanse, set as it is between distant hills, has been richly productive of notable men and gracious women! Time forbids that I should enter much into so broad a field. I will refer, however, to Richard Clair Everett, who was of the family to which Edward Everett belonged. Born the year Lancaster was granted, he became her first lawyer. When his parents settled in Lancaster, it had only ten ratable polls, and there was no church or minister in the whole Cohos country; and at that time the Cohos country was what is now Grafton and Coos Counties. Richard Clair Everett held many positions of distinction. He was in the Revolutionary War, and a comrade of the older Jeremiah Smith. He was Chief Justice of the Cohos County Court of Common Pleas.

Just one other, a grandson of Richard Clair Everett, and one whose name is forever fixed in the halo and charm which surround a heroic life,—Colonel Edward Everett Cross, born at Lancaster, who through his intrepid and knightly leadership made the Fifth New Hampshire Regiment the most famous of all the regiments of the Union hosts. This regiment was always at the front, and he always led it. In the great struggle at Gettysburg, which was to mean so much upon the question whether the Union should longer exist or perish from the earth, he was in command of a brigade, including his own regiment, which he gallantly led through the scattering scrubby trees and across the historic wheat field. Standing upon a granite boulder that he might more clearly see the line of the enemy and better direct the onslaught of his gallant brigade, his brilliant light went out. The boulder upon which he stood at the fatal moment has been fittingly raised aloft and appropriately fashioned into a permanent memorial in his honor and to the everlasting glory of his native town and of his native state of New Hampshire. (Applause.)

JUDGE ALDRICH: There was the pioneer Benton family of Waterford, whose descendants not only impressed their great strength upon the communities of Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, but upon the middle west and the southwest. Among them were many lawyers and statesmen, and they were always strong.

It is my great good fortune to be able to present the Benton who originated and suggested to Senator Weeks the idea of this community association. To present a Benton is always to present a positive man, and one of strength. The Benton whom you are to listen to has made a big mark in both business and political fields, and he is one who is rich with the folk-lore of the early days of the upper valley.

Colonel Everett C. Benton, born at Guildhall.

COL. EVERETT C. BENTON

Mr. President, I feel a little embarrassed on this occasion. I do not know whether I shall be able to get through with very much of a speech. You have covered the field so beautifully and so wonderfully, and we have so many able speakers here, and orators, actors and artists (laughter), that as long as I am so embarrassed perhaps I had better be excused. (Laughter.)

JUDGE ALDRICH: No.

COL. BENTON: Do you think I can get through with a short speech? I ought to be able to, because I am a licensed speaker. (Laughter.) It may not please you all, but I hold a license here:

"AMATEUR LECTURERS' UNION
LICENSE

"The bearer, Col. Everett C. Benton, is hereby licensed as an amateur lecturer subject to the conditions that he lectures gratuitously (laughter), does not collect his expenses therefor, and remains sitting when a rising vote of thanks is passed in his behalf." (Laughter.)

It is signed by Horace H. Atherton, Jr., who is the president; and my license number is 23. (Laughter.)

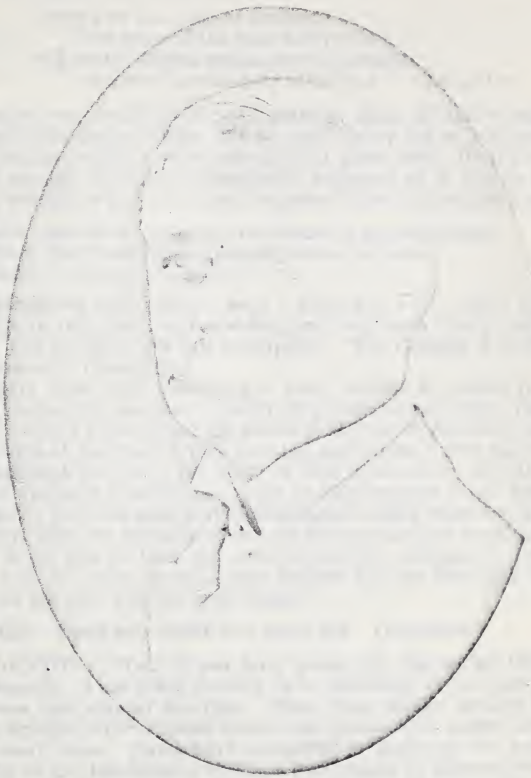
The Upper Connecticut Valley Association was founded to bring a little nearer together some of us from the north country, who either live there or have gone away—for various causes. (Laughter.) It was the idea of having a community association. A state boundary line has prevented or warped the history of the various communities from being properly recorded. That is natural, because town histories have little to say about the other side of the river. In most of the volumes

where my name appears among the "great men of Vermont" (laughter) there is a steel engraving that accompanies the volume, and in the biographical sketches of some of the men, not only in that section, but in other sections of the country, the article is enlarged and in some instances illuminated, at any rate they are apt to be biased by the amount of advertising space taken in the volume. (Laughter.)

This Association was formed with the idea that we can correct some of the mistakes that have gotten into print, and that we can add to historical papers. And when they are gotten up, if it relates to a border town we will be fair to the other side. Of course it is perfectly easy for a Vermonter to be fair to the other side. (Laughter.) Mr. Washburn, who is the Chairman of the Executive Committee, warned the president and myself to be very particular not to have anything said that would offend anyone from the other side of the river. If I had had time to prepare my remarks I would have had them edited and looked over; but I will try not to say anything that will offend anyone from the State of New Hampshire.

Our two chairmen were born in the most northerly town of the State of New Hampshire. We went over the list of our members to see whom we would pick for the president. It was first suggested that we select from a list arranged alphabetically; and then it was suggested, as a better way, that we should raffle for the names. But as the Vermont members of the committee objected to this, since it seemed like a lottery, it was decided that we would start at the most northerly town and take the officers, and work down; so we selected Judge Aldrich for the president, and Tom Washburn for the chairman of the Executive Committee. It is perfectly proper to pick those two men out for our first officers, because they were born north of the forty-fifth parallel; and they say that anyone who comes from north of the forty-fifth parallel has runners on all the year round. (Laughter.) But we did come down to Guildhall and Lancaster to pick out our vice-presidents and our secretary; and I guess you agree tonight that at least the banquet has been well arranged.

We see so many people from various sections of New England outside of the north country here tonight, that it leads me to tell you the story of the circumstance that happened this summer or last fall—whenever the World's Fair was out at Los Angeles. Three men who were going to the Fair happened to have a chance meeting in Chicago; they became acquainted for the first time there at a hotel, after several visits to the Library or some other room adjacent to the office, discovered they were all going to the Fair. And of course each one in turn regretted very much that it had been quite impossible for his wife or any member of his family to accompany him there. (Laughter.) They rearranged the tickets so that they could all go out on the same train;



Col. EVERETT C. BENTON

and when they were in California it was suggested that it would be a nice thing to take souvenirs back to their families. The Massachusetts man bought a beautiful silver dish, a solid silver dish, a fine thing; and he had this inscription put on it:

"Here's to the City of Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Cabots speak only to Lowells,
And the Lowells only with God." (Laughter.)

The Vermonter was not favored with quite so much of this world's goods as the Massachusetts man, but he could spare out of his funds enough so that he bought a very beautiful cut glass vase. He did not have money enough to have any inscription engraved on it, but he did have money enough to buy a card and write on it the old familiar lines:

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view.
There's no place like home."

The New Hampshire man brought back a knife and fork. They were rather heavy, in fact they were massive, but they were thinly plated (laughter); and on them was this inscription: "The Chicago & Northwestern Railroad." (Laughter.)

Now, forty years ago—to show you what benefits we derive from an association like this, and how quickly they come about—forty years ago this very spring I was attending school at Colebrook Academy, and I had as a chum at that time a man who has since been a very successful and prominent lawyer in the State of New Hampshire, in fact he has held and resigned a position as judge on the Supreme Court bench of that State. I have not seen that distinguished citizen from that time until recently, when we commenced to have these committee meetings—and I want to tell you we have had them frequently. (Laughter.) I was thrown in with my good friend Judge Remick for the first time this winter; I had not seen him for forty years.

A VOICE: He is only thirty-five years old. (Laughter.)

COL. BENTON: Well, it was forty years ago this spring that I was in Colebrook. I am going to stick to it, especially if the question is asked from that side of the river. Since then Judge Remick has come along wonderfully well, and I have just managed to scrape along and run a small farm. But I have succeeded in becoming the proud father of six of the handsomest children ever raised in Massachusetts (applause), with the exception of two grandchildren (laughter); and with the assistance of a wife, a beautiful companion (laughter), they

are the brightest children ever raised anywhere. (Laughter.) At any rate, we think so. And one or two other boys and girls, they thought so as well. I might say, in passing, however, that we have two sons and one daughter unmarried. (Laughter.)

I did not come prepared at all. (There was much laughter as Col. Benton, after saying this, picked up his manuscript and began to read.) I want to read to you just a few lines that my cousin wrote about our grandparents who were the first to settle Waterford.

"My grandparents were among the first early settlers of Northern Vermont. They were poor in money but rich in courage and in strength. These people were strong, sturdy, earnest men and women. They were sufficient unto themselves, and by severe and constant toil they took from the soil on which they settled nearly all that was necessary for a plain, simple, healthful life. They had clay for bricks and lime for mortar, and the woods gave them logs and lumber, from which they made their rude but comfortable dwellings and furniture. From the sap of the maple they made delicious sugar, and the hemlock gave the bark with which to tan the hides of their cattle into excellent leather. From the flax they made durable linen for household use and for summer clothing, and from the wool of their sheep, warm blankets and excellent 'frocking' and other clothing for wear in winter. The lye leached from the ashes of the clearings made 'potash' and 'pearl-ash' not only for their own necessities, but for sale in the distant markets of Portland and Boston, where they obtained salt, almost the only necessity of life which Vermont does not produce. Wheat, rye, oats, barley, Indian corn, and nearly all other cereals of the temperate zone grew on the hillsides and in the valleys, while the blackberry, raspberry, blueberry, strawberry, and other healthful and delicious fruits grew wild in the woods and glades. They raised apples, currants, cherries, plums, pears and other cultivated fruits. Coffee beans made a fair substitute for imported coffee, and they even had from the leaves of various shrubs a substitute for tea. Tobacco, less fragrant but equally as wholesome as that from beyond the sea, was raised with care in sheltered places.

"The lakes, rivers, and brooks were filled with bass, pickerel, muskalonge, trout, and other fish, while in the woods, bear, deer, raccoon, partridge, and other game were found in abundance. They trapped the otter and the beaver in the streams and the fox on the hillside. They had geese, turkeys, fowls, and pigeons, while the horses, sheep and cattle which grazed in their pastures and fed on the hay from their meadows were not excelled elsewhere. They built their own carding and fulling mills and looms, and their own tanneries. The women spun the yarn, wove the cloth, and made the sheets, blan-

kets and garments, and the soap for washing and the candles for light in their own homes. The men tanned the leather, and once a year the travelling shoemaker set up his bench in the great kitchen with its capacious fireplace, and made the boots and shoes for the family. They had cider from the apple, and wine from the rhubarb, the elderberry, and the wild grape. They needed no butcher or baker, for they baked in their brick ovens and had their beef, mutton, and pork from their own flocks and herds and yards.

"They put school-houses and meeting houses on the hillsides, and the teachers taught for small pay and 'boarded around' by the scholar, while the ministers were paid mainly in the produce of the farms. They had none of the appliances of modern husbandry. The mowing machine, the horserake, the reaper, the threshing machine, the improved plough, and the cultivator were unknown. The axe and the crowbar, the beetle and the wedge, the sickle and the scythe, the shovel and the hoe, the flail and the fan, were the simple implements with which they subdued the wilderness, cultivated the soil, and gathered its harvest. They had no eight-hour day, but labored 'from sun to sun.' With the exception of the Fourth of July, when they assembled to hear the Declaration of Independence read, and usually to hear an 'oration' by the minister, and Thanksgiving, when they worshipped and fed on the good things they raised, they had no holidays; labor was so constant and unremitting that it became a habit of their lives, and their descendants even now, under better conditions, often feel that a leisure hour is an offense. They were orderly, industrious, frugal, God-fearing, and independent people. They owned the land they tilled, and were the most perfect democracy in America."

Now, about the history of Guildhall. It was the first place to be settled north of Newbury, and in fact was the seventh town to be settled in the State of Vermont. During the French and Indian War many unsuccessful expeditions to subdue Canada were planned and attempted. With one of these expeditions was connected a young man by the name of Emmons Stockwell, an orphan, whose parents died when he was young. Upon the failure of the expedition, of which he was a member, they became disorganized, and separating into small parties returned home on their own account. It was in the winter season and their sufferings proved so severe that many died by the way. It was the good fortune of young Stockwell and his party, however, to strike the Connecticut River near its head waters and they followed this stream down until they reached settlements.

As they made their journey through it, this part of the country attracted the attention of Mr. Stockwell, and he, for a considerable time after returning to his native town, tried to get together a party to commence a settlement on the banks of this beautiful river. He

was finally successful, and in the Spring of 1764 a party left Lancaster, Mass., to accomplish this object, it being composed of the following:— David Page, whose father was an Englishman, and the first settler of Lunenburg, Mass.; David Page, Jr., aged eighteen years, Emmons Stockwell, now twenty-three, Timothy Nash, and a Mr. Rice. They took with them twenty head of cattle and some horses which were compelled to subsist principally on brouse and the foliage of trees. When they started from Massachusetts their intention was to settle at Coos, on what has since been known as the Great Ox Bow in Newbury, but arriving at this place they found it already occupied and quite a settlement. Among the inhabitants here were Michael Johnson and James Pettie, who settled in that place in 1761, the same year Captain Hazen went to Newbury from Massachusetts for the purpose of looking the locality over, and the next year, 1762, (two years before the Guildhall settlers arrived) he, with men and materials returned to that place (Newbury) and built mills. After finding the settlers at Newbury they continued their journey northward and on April 19th, 1764. crossed the stream since known as the Israels River.

They pitched their camps on both sides of the Connecticut River, on land now called the Stockwell place on the New Hampshire side, and on land now known as the Richard Small Farm, on the Vermont side of the River. This is enough on the present occasion relative to the history of this settlement. The location selected by them was a most fortunate site. A wonderful community has developed of which we are justly proud.

To the lovers of natural scenery the valley of the Connecticut at this place cannot be surpassed in loveliness. The beautiful meadows, the abrupt headlands, in the distance the towering summits of the White Mountains, and the variety of timber land, all conspire in rendering it a charming scene, and one of peculiar interest and beauty. A delightful view is to be seen from the bridge which leads to Northumberland. The broad river in the foreground, the charming meadows with here and there a tall elm, then the terraces, and best of all those wonderful Percy Peaks in the background. So lovely a scene would scarcely be observed anywhere else in the world, and on a pleasant day, with the river smooth, which furnishes the observer a large and perfect looking-glass, the landscape and its reflection are beyond describing.

But I am here to speak to you for Vermont, or for those of this Association who are natives of the Upper Connecticut Valley, on the west side of the River. No one ever worthily represented Vermont, not even Ethan Allen who made the way clear, Stannard who saved the Union at Gettysburg, or Dewey who cleaned up a situation in Manila Bay, which secured the respect of the world, and from that

ay made America the greatest nation on earth. No one can represent er properly, but I can say to you that I am proud to be the one to ttempt to do so, and to say to you that the greatest honor that can ome to a man in this world is to be a Vermonter.

How many times I have seen some of you from the New Hampshire ide of the River who look something like a Vermonter; at any rate, hey appear to look as if they wished they were a Vermonter; but ou can always tell from their appearance, especially above the neck, hat they are from New Hampshire. Albert Pillsbury, a New Hampshire man, says that you can always tell the New Hampshire man by the massive conformation of his brow but from whichever side of the River we come we have always considered that we were neighbors, companions and friends.

To our New Hampshire brethren and sisters we greet you and extend a hand that will be cordial and warm until death, and the only advantage that I know of that we have over you is in the fact that we who come from the west side of the river are permitted to linger a little longer in the twilight to say "Goodnight."

JUDGE ALDRICH: I had hoped to present Chief Justice Albert Russell Savage of Maine, one whose administration of justice has commanded the profound admiration of the bar of his state, and the love of all its citizens; one who is the soul of honor and of good fellowship; a chief justice of whom New Hampshire and Maine alike are justly proud.

As he is holding court at the far-away Houlton of Aroostook County in Maine, he cannot be here. He was born at Ryegate in Vermont; and he writes a letter, which will be read.

Mr. Arthur M. Brown then read the following letter:

State of Maine
Supreme Judicial Court
Auburn.

April 8, 1916.

Ossian Ray, Esq., Sec'y,
Boston.

My dear Mr. Ray:

I have your notice of the banquet of the Association of Descendants of the Early Settlers in the Upper Connecticut Valley at the Parker House, April 19, next. It is a matter of sincere regret on my part that I cannot go. I have a term of court at Houlton, Me., which will open April 18, and the distance from Houlton to Boston is so great

as to make it impossible for me to leave Houlton. Terms of court, as you know, are immovable feasts.

I was not content to send my regrets without making the foregoing explanation, for I am in hearty sympathy with the purpose of the association. And I hope that at some future meeting I may be with you and bear my part—no term of court preventing.

My mother was descended from the early settlers in Barnet, Vt., and my father, as you know, was of an old Lancaster family, so that I am within geographical limits on both sides of the house.

To be writing to Ossian Ray carries me back to pleasant memories of fifty and more years ago—when the name of your father was as familiar to me as those of my own kin.

Sincerely yours,

ALBERT R. SAVAGE.

(Applause.)

JUDGE ALDRICH: I had expected to present Philip Carpenter, a distinguished New York lawyer, who hailed from Bath, but imperative business keeps him away. He writes a letter. Let that be read.

Mr. Arthur M. Brown then read the following letter:

Philip Carpenter,
Trinity Building,
111 Broadway, New York.

April 1st, 1916.

Dear Judge Aldrich:

I have yours of March 17 and 24. I have written Col. Benton as you requested, and enclose a copy of my letter.

If I had stopped to think, I would have known that Mrs. McCall was the wife of your Governor, and not of our Judge. When the Governor was senior at Dartmouth, I was freshman, and as freshmen do, I looked up to him and others in his class as very great men. I look up to him now as the greatest living graduate of the College.

I should like nothing better than to attend your first banquet, to be held at Boston in April, but it will be impossible this year. Your speech of introduction need not, however, be lost to the world. You can apply it to, say Drew, or you can hold it another year or two for me.

Anyway, I thank you for remembering me, and hope to see you on your way to or from Washington.

Very sincerely yours,

PHILIP CARPENTER.

Hon. Edgar Aldrich,
United States Courts,
Boston.

JUDGE ALDRICH: Ladies and Gentlemen, here is a letter from Maine's distinguished ex-Governor, the Honorable Frederick W. Plaisted.

Let it be read.

Augusta, Maine, April 18, 1916.

Hon. Edgar Aldrich,
Boston, Mass.,

My dear Judge Aldrich:

I have hoped that I might give myself the pleasure of attending the first meeting of the "Association of Descendants of the Early Settlers in the Upper Connecticut Valley" at the Parker House on April 19, but find it impossible to do so. I wish to assure you, Sir, that I appreciate your kindness in inviting me to be present and that my desire to say "yes" is the only excuse I have to offer for not sending my regrets at an earlier date.

I trust that I may be given the privilege of enrolling myself a member of the Association.

With best wishes for a successful first meeting I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your Obliging Servant,
FRED'K W. PLAISTED.

JUDGE ALDRICH: Here is a letter from Jennie T. Hobart, who was the wife of the late Garrett A. Hobart, who was an eminent and beloved Vice-President of the United States in the McKinley administration.

Let the letter be read.

Carroll Hall, Paterson, N. J.
March 17, 1916.

Hon. Edgar Aldrich,
United States Courts,
Boston.

Dear Sir:

It will give me pleasure to assist the Association of descendants of the pioneers of Connecticut Valley in any way except, by writing a paper or making a speech. My faith in the chivalry of men is so great that I prefer to have them make speeches for me, and Mrs. Beattie says that I am a "modest woman."

The enclosed extract from Dr. Magee's life of Mr. Hobart will gi you the information you have asked for in regard to names, dates, et I return Mrs. Beattie's letter with reluctance, it would secure a good s uation for me if I should ever need one.

Very sincerely yours,

JENNIE T. HOBART.
(Mrs. Garrett A.)

JUDGE ALDRICH: I had fondly expected to present to you person one who was born seventy-one years ago, with a heart as wi as the world—a heart which has been growing through all t seventy-one years; one who in his ripening manhood is a wise counsell and a leader in the great profession to which he belongs—that of the la He is one of the founders of this Association, and signed the call but unavoidably absent. I refer to the Honorable Irving W. Drew, born Colebrook. (Applause.)*

There is another, a very distinguished man, one who carries t pride, not only of his adopted state, but that of his native state of Ne Hampshire; one who is a great United States Senator, and one wh carries his achievements and attainments with such wonderful sel poise as to make him conspicuous throughout the country, and wi such abilities as to bring him near the Presidency of the great natio which we honor; one whose ancestors were early and prominent in t Valley which we revere; one who was among the first in the moveme to found this Association, and one who is giving it his hearty sympath Imminent public duties on this imperative day at Washington hold hi there under the threatening clouds of international war. I refer to t Honorable John W. Weeks, born at Lancaster. (Applause.) While w deeply regret his absence, we, after all, highly commend the man wh stands at his post in the moment of danger He has sent a telegra and Mr. Brown will read it.

Mr. Arthur M. Brown then read the following telegram.

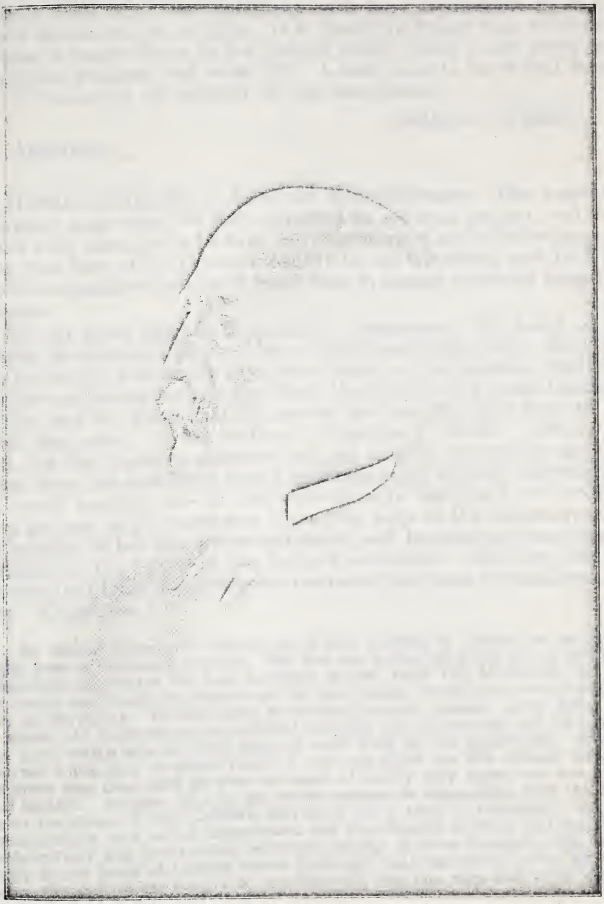
Washington, D. C., April 19, 1916.

Hon. Edgar Aldrich,

United States Court, or Parker House, Boston, Mass.

I greatly regret that my duties here prevent my attending the firs meeting of the Descendants of the Early Settlers of the Upper Con necticut Valley, in which I take great interest. Those of us who ar

* Mr. Drew has since this meeting occupied a seat in the United State Senate.



Hon. IRVING W. DREW

living in and about Boston very largely descended from the same stock, certainly from those who had to do with the development of an important section of our country. It is therefore fitting that we should continue to touch elbows in the matters which relate to our every day professions, business, and social life. I shall hope to be of real assistance in promoting the interest of this Association.

JOHN W. WEEKS.

(Applause.)

JUDGE ALDRICH: I have one disappointment. One very distinguished man whom we fully expected to see here tonight, and who I know fully intended to be here, has this moment called his wife (who is the first lady of the Commonwealth) to the telephone, and told her that it is impossible for him to reach here in season to attend upon this occasion.

We all know Samuel W. McCall. (Applause.) We know of his culture, his statesmanship, and his princely good fellowship. We know that his merits have made him many times a Congressman, and that they have achieved for him the Chief Magistracy of a great Commonwealth; and we know that his merits are bringing him near to the Chief Magistracy of the nation. (Applause.) While, without his fault, we find ourselves disappointed, we must in all civility say that he has done the best thing that a generous man, whether Governor or not, could possibly do,—he has sent his wife here, and we cordially greet her not only because she is the first lady of the Commonwealth, but because of her own grace and merit, and because she was born at Guildhall in the Valley of the Upper Connecticut. She says that she can point out from this picture on the menu the house in which she was born. (Applause.)

My father, Sumner S. Thompson, is well entitled to a place in the record of the men of the north country. He was not born there but was a native of Massachusetts, where his first ancestor landed from the Mayflower in 1620. His family had remained through all the intervening years in the vicinity of the town of Plymouth. He was born in Halifax, in that county, April 12th, 1823. He came into boyhood just as railroad building was beginning, and he took up that work which was the most notable work done by his generation. His first contract when only nineteen years of age was upon the Old Colony Railroad, and from that time until he died—a space of nearly fifty years—he was a railroad builder. He first came to the north country in connection with the building of the Grand Trunk Railway, and lived for a time in Guildhall. He built a considerable part of the Connecticut and Passumpsic railroad and the Woodstock railway and many other railroads chiefly in New England. He settled finally in the town of Lyndon about 1856, and that continued to be his home during the rest of his life. I do not know of any one who had more genuine

public spirit. He helped all good causes and was especially interested in education. The central building of the Lyndon Institute bears his name, and for years he was President of that Institution. He was a director in a considerable number of railways, vice-president of the First National Bank of St. Johnsbury, president of an important lumber company, and a great variety of business interests not merely in Vermont but in the west, especially in Michigan, occupied his attention. He was a consistent republican, somewhat independent in his views, and was for a time a member of the House of Representatives and the Senate of Vermont. He married Harriet Stark Wiley of Fryeburg, Maine, who came with him to Guildhall, and who was identified with the north country during the rest of her life. I might be suspected of being prejudiced, but I think there never was a man of better quality, broadminded, large mentally as he was physically, honest, and fulfilling amply the requirements of the best type of Christian gentleman.

ELLA E. T. McCALL,
(Mrs. Samuel W. McCall.)

Now we have something that is worthy here because it relates to our granite hills. I see on the back of this menu something that relates to music. After a good deal of urging, Colonel Everett C. Benton —who is, in all seriousness, quite equal to Caruso (laughter)—has agreed to sing the first stanza, provided he is not interrupted until he comes to the chorus. Now, I want to say to you that it will be perfectly useless to attempt to interrupt him. (Laughter.) He won't stop.

(Colonel Benton sang the first verse of "Hurrah for Old New England," and all joined in singing the chorus and the remaining verses.)

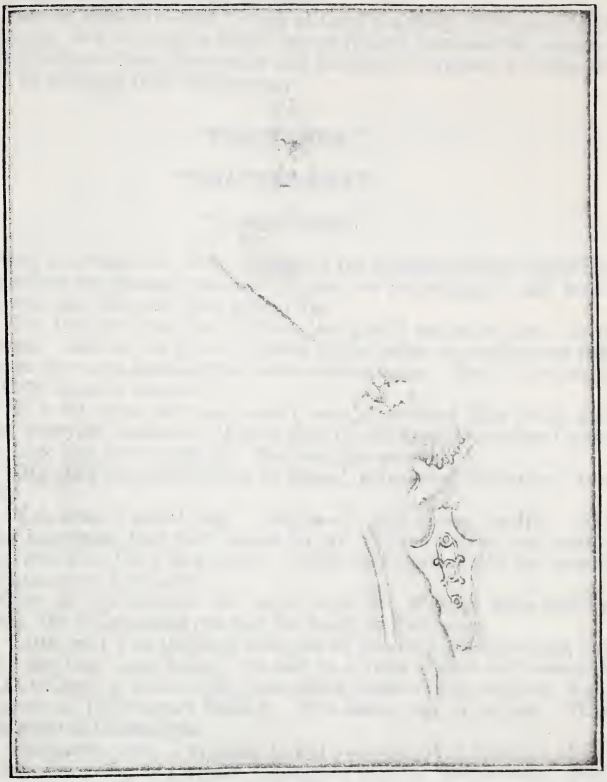
JUDGE ALDRICH: I am now going to present to you a very famous woman, one who was born in what was at one time the Valley of the Connecticut. We accord to her our sweetest welcome, not only because of her birthright, but because she is a woman who writes with a peculiar sweetness which touches and fascinates the souls of all. It gives me great pleasure to present to you the woman who wrote "Pollyanna,"—a book now fondly known throughout the world as "The Glad Book."

Ladies and Gentlemen, I present Eleanor Hodgman Porter, born at Littleton. Mrs Porter has graciously promised to favor us by reading a selection from her writings. (Applause.)

MRS. ELEANOR HODGMAN PORTER.

Mr. President, thank you very much. Of course all I can say is, how "glad" I am to be here. (Laughter.)

It seemed appropriate that I should bring to you a New England



MRS. SAMUEL W. MCCALL

courtship. It was either in New Hampshire or Vermont, but for the sake of peace I am not going to say which State. (Laughter.)

Mrs. Porter then read a story entitled "Phineas and the Motor Car," which was greeted with applause.

(Note by Editors)—Not having at hand the story of the courtship, and fearing that courtships might create rivalry between the descendants of Northern New Hampshire and Northern Vermont, we take the liberty of printing from Pollyanna.)

"POLLYANNA."

"CHAPTER XXXI."

"A NEW UNCLE"

"The next time Dr. Warren entered the chamber where Pollyanna lay watching the dancing shimmer of color on the ceiling, a tall, broad shouldered man followed close behind him.

" 'Dr. Chilton!—oh, Dr. Chilton, how glad I am to see *you*!' cried Pollyanna. And at the joyous rapture of the voice, more than one pair of eyes in the room brimmed hot with sudden tears. 'But, of course, if Aunt Polly doesn't want—'

" 'It is all right, my dear; don't worry,' soothed Miss Polly, agitatedly, hurrying forward. 'I have told Dr. Chilton that—that I want him to look you over—with Dr. Warren, this morning.'

" 'Oh, then you asked him to come,' murmured Pollyanna, contentedly.

" 'Yes, dear, I asked him. That is—' But it was too late. The adoring happiness that had leaped to Dr. Chilton's eyes was unmistakable, and Miss Polly had seen it. With very pink cheeks she turned and left the room hurriedly.

"Over in the window the nurse and Dr. Warren were talking earnestly. Dr. Chilton held out both his hands to Pollyanna.

" 'Little girl, I'm thinking that one of the very gladdest jobs you ever did has been done to-day,' he said in a voice shaken with emotion.

"At twilight a wonderfully tremulous, wonderfully different Aunt Polly crept to Pollyanna's bedside. The nurse was at supper. They had the room to themselves.

" 'Pollyanna, dear, I'm going to tell you—the very first one of all. Some day I'm going to give Dr. Chilton to you for your—uncle. And it's you that have done it all. Oh, Pollyanna, I'm so—happy! And so —glad!—darling!'

"Pollyanna began to clap her hands; but even as she brought her

small palms together the first time, she stopped, and held them suspended.

" 'Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly, *were* you the woman's hand and heart he wanted so long ago? You were—I know you were! And that's what he meant by saying I'd done the gladdest job of all—to-day. I'm so glad! Why, Aunt Polly, I don't know but I'm so glad that I don't mind—even my legs, now!'

"Aunt Polly swallowed a sob.

" 'Perhaps, some day, dear—' But Aunt Polly did not finish. Aunt Polly did not dare to tell, yet, the great hope that Dr. Chilton had put into her heart. But she did say this—and surely this was quite wonderful enough—to Pollyanna's mind:

" 'Pollyanna, next week you're going to take a journey. On a nice comfortable little bed you're going to be carried in cars and carriages to a great doctor who has a big house many miles from here made on purpose for just such people as you are. He's a dear friend of Dr. Chilton's, and we're going to see what he can do for you!'

"CHAPTER XXXII"

"WHICH IS A LETTER FROM POLLYANNA

" 'DEAR AUNT POLLY AND UNCLE TOM:—Oh, I can—I can—I can walk! I did to-day all the way from my bed to the window! It was six steps. My, how good it was to be on legs again!

" 'All the doctors stood around and smiled, and all the nurses stood beside of them and cried. A lady in the next ward who walked last week first, peeked into the door, and another one who hopes she can walk next month, was invited in to the party, and she laid on my nurse's bed and clapped her hands. Even Black Tilly who washes the floor, looked through the piazza window and called me "Honey, child" when she wasn't crying too much to call me anything.

" 'I don't see why they cried. I wanted to sing and shout and yell! Oh—oh—oh! Just think, I can walk—walk—*walk*! Now I don't mind being here almost ten months, and I didn't miss the wedding, anyhow. Wasn't that just like you, Aunt Polly, to come on here and get married right beside my bed, so I could see you. You always do think of the gladdest things!

" 'Pretty soon, they say, I shall go home. I wish I could walk all the way there. I do. I don't think I shall ever want to ride anywhere any more. It will be so good just to walk. Oh, I'm glad! I'm glad for everything. Why, I'm glad now I lost my legs for a while, for you

ver, never know how perfectly lovely legs are till you haven't got em—that go, I mean. I'm going to walk eight steps to-morrow.

" 'With heaps of love to everybody,

" 'POLLYANNA.''

JUDGE ALDRICH: We have with us here a man of fine heroic spirit. He is the son of an eminent Chief Justice of New Hampshire; he lives in dignified retirement at Bath. He has come here to attend this meeting, and he comes under the weight of eighty years.

I propose, Ladies and Gentlemen, that we rise and drink to the sentiment that Colonel Edward Woods of Bath may live long and prosper. (Applause.)

[All rose and drank to Colonel Edward Woods.]

[Colonel Woods rose, and bowed in appreciation.]

JUDGE ALDRICH: I am now going to state to you an important fact, a fact known perhaps to some of you, but not to all. I state it upon good authority, however.

In the pre-historic ages—at least in the long ago—the waters of the Connecticut opened out from a great lake, which included the valley lands now covered by Lancaster, Guildhall, Northumberland, and other towns northward to higher ground, and, coursing southerly to what is now the valley of the Ammonoosuc, and through what is now Littleton, Lisbon, Bath, and part of Haverhill, touched the present channel of the Connecticut River, at what is now Woodsville in New Hampshire and Wells River in Vermont. My authority for this is Colonel Benton (laughter), and the State Geologist of New Hampshire and of Vermont

Having stated this, I am going to present to you a man who is welcomed to this Association partly because his accomplished wife was born at Lisbon,—a town which has a dignified setting in what was the valley of the Connecticut waters some twenty-five thousand years or more ago; but one who is welcomed more especially because he has added new charm to a life which had already touched the hearts of more men, women, and children than any other in all the years of the world's history.

It gives me great pleasure to present to you the man who wrote the imaginary colloquy between the Spirit of the Present and the Spirit of the pioneer woman, Nancy Hanks, the mother of Lincoln and the queen of a wilderness home—Mr. O'Brien, the man whose genius has drawn a spiritual crown over the head of the wilderness mother who wore no earthly crown. This man of genius has generously promised to read what he wrote.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Robert Lincoln O'Brien. (Applause.)

MR. ROBERT LINCOLN O'BRIEN.

Mr. President, Dear Brothers-in-Law, and Dear Sisters-in-Law (laughter): I felt sure that at this late hour in the evening I ought to be excused from the author's reading what Judge Aldrich has referred to. I had already written a note to him asking him to do so. I know the hour is far spent, and he has a number of other speakers on the list to come.

Judge Aldrich has told you something of the source and the origin of the Connecticut and the Ammonoosuc Valleys; I would like to tell you something of the source and origin of my being here tonight. You have heard a number of introductions from Judge Aldrich for some time saying, "I had fondly expected," "I had fondly expected," with the letter of declination of the gentlemen and women whom he named. When those were coming rather rapidly I thought I must explain that a few days ago, forty-eight hours ago, the young man in my outer office told me that there were three men who wished to see me.* He thought that one was a United States Judge; and the other a very portly man that he thought was the sheriff of Middlesex County (laughter)—it proved to be Mr. Benton; and the third man I will not mention, except that the faithful young man at my gate thought he was the undertaker with whom I regularly traded. (Laughter.) At all events, I came out to see those three men, and I did not know what to do. Judge Aldrich wanted me to read something I had written several years ago, and I did not stop to inquire as to the propriety or fitness of this. I, as the official biographer of Nancy Hanks, did not understand why that came in on the 19th of April instead of the 12th of February, or why it had any relation to the north country. But like an easy mark I fell for it, and came here tonight; and as I have heard the list of the distinguished people who had their rootings and origins in New Hampshire and Vermont north of the Fifteen Mile Falls, and discovered for the first time the singular isolation of Abraham Lincoln —as perhaps the only great man in our country's history who did not originate in that region (laughter and applause), I see the strange appropriateness in your asking me to read this. I had written a note saying that you have got such an ample supply of entertainment——

JUDGE ALDRICH: You will have to read it.

MR. O'BRIEN: I will read very fast, but I feel bad at reading anything at this late hour. I will hasten on, and be governed—it isn't so very long, but longer than it ought to be—I will be governed by the rapidity of the egress at the door.

* Judge Aldrich, Thomas G. Washburn, Everett C. Benton.

ROBERT L. O'BRIEN

This was written, needless to say, for a Lincoln's Birthday several years ago, and is a conversation between Nancy Hanks and the Spirit of the Present.

JUST A WORD TONIGHT WITH NANCY HANKS.

"Nancy Hanks—I see the calendar says it is 1914, nearly a century after my life in the world ended. Pray tell me, Spirit of the Present, whether any one mortal remembers that I ever lived, or knows my place of burial.

The Present—Oh, yes. There is a monument over your grave at Pigeon Creek. A man named Studebaker of South Bend, Ind., went there in 1879 and spent a thousand dollars in marking it.

Nancy Hanks—What do you mean? More money than I ever saw in my life spent on my grave, more than 60 years after I had made it! Was he a rich descendant of mine?

The Present—He was no relative of yours. As a matter-of-fact citizen, he thought your grave ought to be marked. Twenty-three years later the state of Indiana erected a massive monument in your honor; 10,000 school children marched in procession when it was dedicated. The Governor of the state, now one of the great commonwealths of the Union, was there, while a distinguished general from afar delivered the principal oration. This monument cost a larger fortune than you ever knew anyone to possess. More people than you ever saw together at one time in your life then assembled. And on the pedestal, in raised letters, one may read: "Nancy Hanks Lincoln." Can there be any mistake about that?

Nancy Hanks—What is this wonder of wonders? I realized that my mortal remains, enclosed in a rough pine box, were buried under the trees at Pigeon Creek, and that no minister of religion was there to say even a prayer. I supposed that if anybody in all this earth of yours would be surely forgotten, and soon forgotten, it would be Nancy Hanks, the plain woman of the wilderness. My life was short—of only 35 years—and in it I saw little of the great world, and knew little of it, and on going out had little further to expect from it. So, I pray, break to me the meaning of this appalling mystery!

The Present—This is the 12th of February!

Nancy Hanks—That was the birthday of my little boy, a slender, awkward fellow who used every night to climb a ladder of wooden pins driven into a log, up into a bed of leaves in the loft, and there to dream. Whatever became of that sad little boy? He was not very well when I left him. All that winter he seemed ailing. I hated to go away. I was afraid his father could not give the care that the frail little fellow

needed. Did you ever hear what became of my little 9-year-old boy out in the woods of Pigeon Creek?

The Present—Of course I have heard what became of him. Few have not. The people who could answer your question number hundreds of millions today. There is no land and no tongue in which the information you seek could not be supplied, and usually by the "man in the street." Actual millions of people know that the 12th of February was the day you welcomed into your cabin in the frontier wilderness that little boy. His birthday, in 22 states of the Union, including the imperial state of New York, has become a legal holiday. Most of the others hold some commemorative exercises. When the great financial market of the world opened in London this morning, it was with the knowledge that the United States of America, the great republic over the seas, would record no stock exchange transactions this day. The words "No market—Lincoln's birthday," traveled on ocean cables under every sea, and business in the great buildings, 40 stories high, of New York city, has paused today. So it does at Fort Dearborn—you remember—on Lake Michigan, now one of the foremost cities of the world.

Nancy Hanks—Pray tell me more of the miracle of my little boy's life. I cannot wait to hear what it all means!

The Present—If you had one copy of every book that has been written about him, you would have a larger library than you ever saw in your mortal life. If you had visited every city which has reared his statue, you would be more widely traveled than any person that you ever saw. The journey would take you to several European capitals. Every possible word that he ever wrote, every speech he ever made, every document he ever penned, has been collected, and these have all been printed in sets of books with a fullness such as has been accorded to the works of only a few children of men. You could count on the fingers of two hands, and perhaps of one, the men in all secular history who so vitally appeal to the imagination of mankind today.

Nancy Hanks—And so my little boy came into all this glory in this lifetime!

The Present—Oh, no. He died at 56, as unaware of how the world would eventually regard him as old Christopher Columbus himself. A few months before his death he expected soon to be thrown out of the position he was holding, and so he wrote a letter telling how he should strive to help his successor to carry out the unfinished work. Your little boy saw little to indicate the place that time has accorded him. His widow was hardly able to get from Congress a pension large enough for comfortable support, and yet that same body, in less than a half-century, appropriates $2,000,000—stop to think of that—for a national

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monument in his honor, and on plans so elaborate as to call eventually for far more than this sum. But I could tell you only half the story. Men have retired from business to go into solitude to study his life. Others have been made famous by reason of having known him. I recall a New York financier who had known the high life of the world, mingling with the princes and statesmen of nearly every land. On his 70th birthday his friends gave him a complimentary dinner. He chatted to them of what he had seen and where he had been. But he dismissed all the honors of the big world by saying that the one thing that remained most worth while in his threescore years and ten was that he had shaken hands and conversed in private audience with your little boy, whom this cosmopolite pictured as "leading the procession of the immortals down the centuries."

Nancy Hanks—This is beyond me. I am lost in mystery and amazement. What did my boy—that earnest, sad, little fellow of the woods and streams—do to make men feel this way? How did it all come about?

The Present—That might be as hard for you to understand without a knowledge of what has taken place in the meantime, as the skyscrapers and the ocean cables and railroad trains that I have spoken about. But I will try to tell you something of what he has done.

Nancy Hanks—I am hanging on your words. I long to hear the story.

The Present—We have in the United States a great democracy. We are making a great experiment for the nations. Your little boy gave friends of democracy the world over the largest measure of confidence in its permanency and success of any man that has ever lived.

More than a million people a year now pour into the United States from lands beyond the seas, most of them unfamiliar with our language and our customs and our aims. When we Americans who are older by a few generations go out to meet them we take, as the supreme example of what we mean by our great experiment, the life of Abraham Lincoln. And when we are ourselves tempted in the mad complexity of our material civilization to disregard the pristine ideals of the republic, we see his gaunt figure standing before us, and his outstretched arm pointing to the straighter and simpler path of righteousness. For he was a liberator of men in bondage, he was a savior of his country, he was a bright and shining light.

He became President of the United States, but that affords small clue to his real distinction. Few Americans ever refer to him as "President Lincoln." In the idiom of our people, he is Abraham Lincoln, called by the name you gave him in the wilderness gloom. To that name of your choosing no titles that the vain world knows could add

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anything of honor or distinction. And today, from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas, and in places under distant skies, children will recite in their schools his words, men will gather about banquet boards to refresh their ideals by hearing anew some phase of his wonderful story. Our nation could get along without some of its territory, without millions of its people, without masses of its hoarded wealth, but it would be poor indeed were it to wake up on this morning of the 20th century without the memory of Abraham Lincoln—one of the really priceless possessions of the republic." (Applause.)

JUDGE ALDRICH: The idea has been expressed, in many ways, that things done mean more than the story of words.

I am going to present to you now one whom I know you will be glad to hear—one who, by a single act, emphasized a quality which cannot be augmented by eulogy.

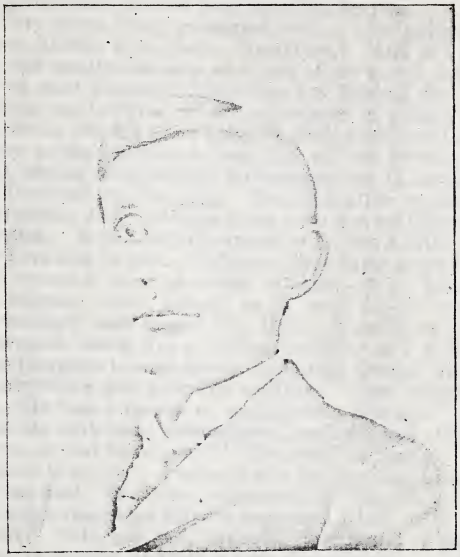
Beginning life under circumstances which made success depend upon his own exertion, while young in his professional career, his accomplishments were such as to bring to him the Associate Justiceship of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire.

Having, with distinction, discharged the duties as a member of that great Court for a number of years, he voluntarily laid aside the authority and power which go with such official station, and returned to what were to him the more congenial pursuits, those of private life.

Ladies and Gentlemen, ex-Judge James W. Remick, whose maternal ancestor was early in Waterford. (Applause.)

JUDGE REMICK: I appreciate what has been so kindly said of me, but I must not at once lose the reputation which it is said I have made by resigning from public place. The speaking programme is full, and as much as I would like to do so, I cannot speak tonight further than to say that this is a most auspicious gathering. I promise you that I will say something at the next meeting if you are in a mood to give me a chance. (Applause.)

JUDGE ALDRICH: It is now my great pleasure to present to you one who hails from the sunniest town in the whole valley of the Connecticut in its long southerly stretch from the hills of the north to the faraway Long Island Sound; the town in which, in a humble way, I began my work; the town in which my children were born. The one whom I am to present is the worthy successor of a great predecessor; a teacher who is carrying forward the broad religious philosophy of Edward Everett Hale; a teacher who preaches a full-hearted gospel which does not wither souls, but a gospel which softens and broadens them, while sanctifying and saving them.



Hon. JAMES W. REMICK

The Reverend Edward Cummings, of the Boston Exeter Street Unitarian Church, born at Colebrook. (Applause.)

THE REVEREND EDWARD CUMMINGS.

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen: I think that inasmuch as I have reluctantly accepted the distinguished honor of being your chaplain, you ought really to have, even at this late hour, some account of the kind of chaplain that has been provided for you.

I like very much being presented with a new parish. There is nothing more difficult to acquire. (Laughter.) And if I may henceforth count this goodly company as a part of my parish, I shall esteem this one of the most fortunate things that has befallen me.

It reminds me, however, of my experience in getting acquainted with the parish to which I came when Dr. Hale asked me to come from the university across the river to help him at the church in Boston. He took me around occasionally, introducing me to members of the parish who lived not too far away. One day, after we had called on two or three people, I was walking along with him up Gloucester street toward Boylston. It was slightly upgrade; he was a little lame in one leg, and we were arm in arm. Suddenly there came around the corner of Boylston street a very charming woman—of no particular age (laughter), tripping down toward us in very dapper fashion. She looked up suddenly and beheld Dr. Hale. Whereupon she jumped up off the ground—much like a chicken jumping at a cabbage in the winter time (laughter)—and threw her arms around his neck and planted a resounding kiss upon his whiskers. Then dropped back to the ground. He was a person of considerable altitude. (Laughter.) He looked at her with some astonishment, and she said: "Oh, I am so glad to see you, so glad to see you!" "Why, yes," he replied, "I am very, very glad indeed to see you. I haven't seen you for some time." "No, of course not," she said, "Don't you remember?" "Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes." "Well, don't you remember after it happened I had to go abroad for several years?" "Oh, yes, yes," he said, "certainly. I hope you enjoyed the trip in Europe, and had a very pleasant time." (Laughter.) "Oh, don't you remember, Dr. Hale?" "Oh, surely. Very, very glad to see you." By that time I thought I was a little de trop. So I dropped into the background, and did not hear the rest of the conversation. But he went on trying to find out who she was, unsuccessfully, and finally said good-bye. I came up and took his arm again, and he walked along—a little lamer, I thought, than he had been when she came up. And finally, he said to me: "Edward, I didn't present you to that person, for the good and sufficient reason that God Almighty only

knows who she is." (Laughter.) Then he walked on a little further and said: "I didn't even know, Edward, that I had a kissing acquaintance with her." (Laughter.) That is my theory of the relation of a chaplain (laughter) to a new parish. (Laughter.)

I think perhaps that if I expound a little further in regard to my theology you will feel more certain of what you are getting. Not long after that walk I was in the church one day with Dr. Hale, and he said to me: "Edward, would you like to see what we did with the Ten Commandments? Would you like to see where we keep them?" "Yes," I said, "surely." He took me to a side room which had been built by some architect as a robing room, off one end of the platform,—a very long, narrow place, with very little light in it; and there he pointed out two long tablets of the law, printed in large gilt letters. "Those tablets," he said, "came from the church that we moved from when we moved over from the other side of the city; and they have a very interesting history. One of the deacons of the church was delegated to construct or get constructed those tablets. He boasted when they were done that they were made of the finest first growth Michigan pine, and he said he would warrant that there wasn't a knot in either tablet. One of the other deacons remarked that he should think that a set of the Ten Commandments without any 'nots' in it would be just the kind Deacon Jones would like. (Laughter.) Well, we value them very much on account of their pleasant association; and when we moved out of the church we thought we would bring them over here and put them up. But there was no room for them in this church. Finally we put them into this narrow place here, where they cumber up the room and are very much in the way. At last somebody suggested that there might be some church that hadn't any Ten Commandments (laughter) and would like a set; and might be especially interested in having the set that had been in my church. So we advertised in the———" I think it was probably in O'Brien's paper (laughter)——— "and said that they could be had for the asking. A church somewhere down in the Southern states promptly expressed great enthusiasm for owning them; so they were boxed up and sent to the Southern church express paid. But they found they could not get them into their church,—they were so big and cumbersome; so they were brought back and went into my robing room again. There they stayed until somebody advertised them again, and another church thought it would like them. So they were boxed up and expressed off again. They fitted that church all right; we thought we had seen the last of them but the next week after they were installed the church caught fire; and strange to say, the only thing the firemen rescued were these two tablets. (Laughter.) They were boxed up and sent back to us, and once more put back in my robing room. There they stayed year after year as long as

Reverend EDWARD CUMMINGS, D. D.

Dr. Hale lived. But last summer, a very delightful woman decided that the South Congregational Church needed the best organ in the city of Boston; and in building the new organ accommodation, the carpenters, needing some thoroughly seasoned timber, finally built the Ten Commandments into the wind box of the organ. (Laughter.) There they now are, where they have a chance to speak for themselves." (Laughter.) So much for your chaplain and the Ten Commandments.

My other fitness and training for this high office with which you have honored me, comes largely from the fact that, as has just been said, I had the good fortune to be born in Colebrook. I would advise anybody who was selecting a good birthplace, to go up to Colebrook. (Laughter.) I lived there for ten years or so, and there I obtained my early schooling. I happened to have a father who was about a half century ahead of his time in the matter of schooling, and he had a splendid theory that nobody should go to school or be taught his letters until he was at least eight years old. So all I had to do until I reached that advanced age was to hoe the garden and look after some stingless bees—which did not prove to be stingless (laughter), and drive the cows to pasture, and go fishing. At the age of eight years I was allowed to learn my letters; and I learned them in the academy over which your distinguished Governor Jordan was presiding as principal.. The only other thing I remember about that academy is that one day I was sitting in the upper room, looking down into the room where the older boys and girls were, through a square hole made for a stovepipe; and suddenly there came through the hole a BB shot, which apparently was projected by a "sling shot" in the hands of some studious person in the lower hall. It hit one of my fellow students, and he yelled and took on so effectively that we had a holiday for the rest of that session.

The next person who schooled me was Irving W. Drew. He taught the district school in the intervals of going through Dartmouth. With those two persons as teachers it did not much matter what happened to me in the way of schooling afterwards. My fate was sealed.

As far as being chaplain of a Vermont concern—the situation is really pretty favorable. Colebrook is very near Vermont. That is the best thing you can say about Vermont. (Laughter.) The Connecticut River runs along there. I think the Connecticut River belongs to New Hampshire entirely. (Applause.) That being the case there is only an imaginary line between where I lived and Vermont. And as I explained to the Vermont Association—which has a maple sugaring-off once a year, to which I hoped to get invited a second time, but never did (laughter)—as I explained to them, although I am a son of New Hampshire, I am a stepson of Vermont,—it being only a step from where I was born. And thereby hangs another tale. One day, not long before

we moved away from Colebrook, I was sitting on the back of a very spirited mare,—having broken her to the saddle with some difficulty, and the Methodist minister's son came alongside. My horse was standing innocently on the bridge road, that led down to the toll bridge, across the river into Vermont; and this young son of—a minister—fired off a pistol —right under the mare's belly. That horse started for Vermont (laughter), and that was all there was to it. Having no saddle, no stirrups, no means of regulating the speed of the horse at all, and the horse, as they say, "going some," at that time, I lay down on her neck and whispered pleasant things to her about stopping,—to which she paid no attention. There was a sign over the entrance to the toll bridge, which said, "Riding or driving faster than a walk punished by a fine of $5." I called the horse's attention to that sign; but she paid no attention whatever. (Laughter.) We struck the toll bridge, which was a covered way; and there was a man living at the other end of the bridge, in a little house, with his wife and many children. As I went by, they wanted to know about the toll. (Laughter.) I didn't have time to tell them much about it. Fortunately, the horse headed down toward Columbia; and I thought that in view of the fact that I had left my change at home, I would not go back the way I came (laughter); so I went home by way of Columbia. I intended to go around that way again sometime when I should have made enough money at digging angleworms at ten cents a quart, to pay the toll bill; but the time never came when I felt like going back. After that, my father and mother moved away from that part of the world, and the debt went on interest, until I have finally decided that I won't go back there at all. That is the one obstacle to my being a chaplain to a Vermont Association, so far as I know. (Laughter.) The accrued interest on that $5 fine, plus the toll, up to the present day, would make a handsome endowment for this Association. If you feel like paying that up, and doing something handsome in the way of making an endowment for some purpose, why, I shall be very glad to serve the Vermont side of this Association in my spiritual capacity.

There is this to be said,—the only thing we could see from Colebrook was Vermont. There was a great square piece of Vermont right across the river, and it shut off the rest of the world. It was called the Monadnock Mountain. Whenever I say that I was brought up on Monadnock Mountain, everyone thinks I mean the one up here; but I refer to a much more beautiful mountain than that. I suppose hardly a day passes that I do not in my mind's eye see Monadnock Mountain. If I get lost down town, or anywhere, I always take my bearings by Monadnock Mountain in Vermont. I say, "Well, Monadnock would be over here," and so find myself. In my youth, when I woke in the morning and started to drive the cows to pasture, and the whole valley was full of

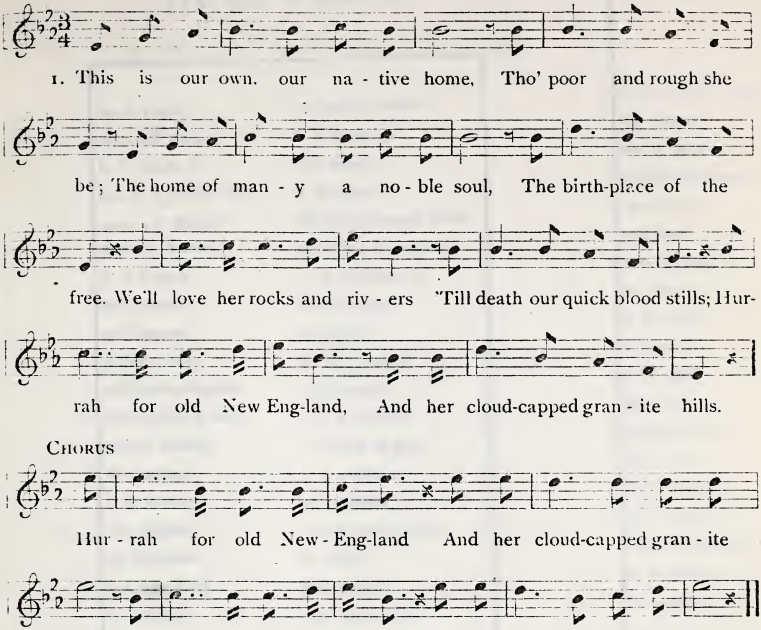
fleecy fog, I watched the mountain, and if the clouds of fog began to climb the mountain and went up faster and faster, and finally lifted from the top, I knew it was going to be fair weather; but if they hung around the top, I knew we were in for some bad weather. So that I really have lived a mixed life, so far as the Connecticut Valley and New Hampshire and Vermont are concerned.

While Colonel Benton was speaking about the hills, it reminded me of what one of the men working for me in New Hampshire said one day. He obtained a position in one of the Western states, and if he stayed there a year he was to have his passage paid back to New Hampshire. Before the year was up, he came back. I said to him: "Why didn't you wait a little longer, and save your passage money?" He said: "I couldn't stand it any longer; there wasn't a hill in the whole damned country to rest your eyes on!" (Laughter.) I knew just how he felt. Who would live in a country where there wasn't a hill that you could rest your eyes on?

I am quite aware that I ought not to give you any further statements with a view to justifying my existence as chaplain. I got, however, most of my good ideas from New Hampshire. Take, for example, the notions of hospitality. They are suggested by the fact that if I had not come here, I should be probably sugaring-off up in New Hampshire now. I always plan to go to New Hampshire once a month; I have a theory that it is a great spiritual uplift. The moment I start to go to New Hampshire, generally, somebody in my parish dies, or some very important meeting comes off; and so I can't go. I haven't been able to get up there since last autumn,—something which never happened before. I had planned to go this week, and take my children, when the high sheriff and the president of that outfit that intimidated Brother O'Brien came round and told me that there was going to be a banquet and that I was going to come to it. And so I came; that was all there was to that. And I am very glad that I did come. But I say I was reminded of the hospitality in New Hampshire. I can recall being invited to a sugaring-off when I was a child in New Hampshire,—a little earlier in the spring than this, before the snow had gone. The whole of the academy in Colebrook was invited to go to that sugaring-off. We went to the sugar camp, took mugs of sugar, stuck our legs down in the deep snow, and sat on the snow and poured the sugar on the snow, and then ate it up. Then we went and got some more. But, by a curious and very strange dispensation of Providence, you begin to lose your appetite for sugar after one or two big helps! That's where the hospitality standard comes in. They had on the door of the sugar camp an old-fashioned Gloucester salt cod, with a nail through his tail, and a shoe-knife sticking in the wood.. After you had eaten all the sugar you could stomach, you went along and cut off a

HURRAH FOR OLD NEW ENGLAND

W. P. CHAMBERLAIN
Arranged by NATHAN BARKER


1. This is our own, our na - tive home, Tho' poor and rough she
be; The home of man - y a no - ble soul, The birth-place of the
free. We'll love her rocks and riv - ers 'Till death our quick blood stills; Hur-
rah for old New Eng-land, And her cloud-capped gran - ite hills.
CHORUS
Hur - rah for old New - Eng-land And her cloud-capped gran - ite
hills. Hur - rah for old New England And her cloud-capped granite hills.

2

Shall not the land tho' poor she be
That gave a Webster birth,
With pride, step forth to take her place
With the mightiest of the earth?
Then for his sake whose lofty fame
Our farthest bound'ries fill;
We'll shout for old New England
And her cloud-capped granite hills.
CHORUS: Hurrah, etc.

3

They tell us of our freezing clime,
Our hard and rugged soil,
Which hardly half repays us for
Our spring time care and toil;
Yet gaily sings the merry boy
As the homestead farm he tills,
Hurrah for old New England
And her cloud-capped granite hills.
CHORUS: Hurrah, etc.

4

Others may seek the western clime;
They say 'tis passing fair,
That sunny are its laughing skies
And soft its balmy air.
We'll linger round our childhood's home,
'Till age our warm blood chills,
'Till we die in old New England
And sleep beneath her hills.
CHORUS: Hurrah, etc.

Mrs. Ch... Hon. A... Mrs. Sa... Judge F... Mrs. H... Rev. E... Mrs. C...

HEAD TABLE

Jay R. Benton
Charles E. Benton
E. E. Wood, Jr.
Mrs. E. E. Wood, Jr.
Hannah S. Benton
Josiah H. Benton
H. E. Kenney
Mrs. Kenney
Miss Kenney
Robert Jackson
Mrs. Robert Jackson
Miss Bernice E. Kent
Edward Sullivan
Mrs. Sullivan
T. H. Hubbard
Mrs. Hubbard
Mr. Sleverman
Mrs. Sleverman
K. D. Skates
Mrs. Skates

Col. Edward Woods
T. S. Woods
Mrs. Woods
F. T. Walsh
Katherine Bingham Walsh
Miss Helen E. Bingham
A. W. Bingham, Jr.
W. W. Morse
Mrs. Morse
W. M. Robinson
Mrs. Robinson
Mrs. D. Robinson
Mrs. Ellen M. Rich
A. W. Maclean
Mrs. Maclean
Mrs. Florence H. Lee
R. Whiton
Mrs. Whiton
Mrs. Sallie Gould
George C. McCarten

Robert Lincoln [illegible]
Mrs. O'Brien
John C. Small
Mrs. Merrill Shurtleff
Ossian Ray
Mrs. Ray
John C. Small, Jr.
Mr. Grout
A. M. Brown
Miss Brown
G. A. Riley
Mrs. Riley
George N. Kent
Mrs. Kent
H. G. Sparrow
Mrs. Sparrow
Howard S. Kniffin
H. C. Jealous
Mrs. Jealous

Mrs. Crawford
John H. Powers

Scott Carbee
Lafayette Chamberlin
Mrs. Chamberlin

Mrs. Hill
Frank E. Hill

Ephraim Fred Aldrich

OVERFLOW TABLE

Rev. Will P. Ladd

Miss Mary Ladd
Thomas G. Washburn
Miss Jennie Cummings

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